

Zombies

Space

Peace is a fragrance that is
Wasted on all but some
And i should know
Cos I am one

Too busy making honey
For our vacant generation
And who am I?
I might never know

We're all into International Killers
We're all a nation of Godzillas

Living in my body prison
I just know it's love we're missing
We're all Zombies when it comes to love
Used up all my olive branches
I've wasted all my chances
We're all Zombies when it comes to love

Headlines are staring at me
Next fix of human flesh
Means more to me
But I might never grow

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For my vacant generation
And who am I?
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